

NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

COMPOSED FOR THE CARDIFF MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1904.

JOHN GILPIN

BALLAD

FOR CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

THE POEM WRITTEN BY

COWPER

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

Tonic Sol-fa, 1s.

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AND

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NOTE.

This work should be sung throughout in a humorous manner. A few points where special exaggerated effects are intended have been indicated by the composer, *e.g.*, at the word *tedious*, page 2; *gasping*, page 32; *with mock dignity*, page 43; but he would suggest that the entire work be interpreted more or less in the same extravagant spirit, according to the meaning of the verses.

JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear :
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied : I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came, for loss of time
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot become a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out Well done !
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around ;
He carries weight ! he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pound !

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! Here 's the house,
 They all at once did cry ;
 The dinner waits, and we are tired .
 Said Gilpin : So am I .

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there,
 For why ? his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off at Ware .

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend the Callender's
 His horse at last stood still .

The Callender, amazed to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him :

What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
 Tell me you must and shall ;
 Say why bare-headed you are come,
 Or why you come at all ?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And loved a timely joke ;
 And thus unto the Callender
 In merry guise he spoke :

I came because your horse would come ;
 And, if I well forebode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here—
 They are upon the road .

The Callender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Returned him not a single word,
 But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig :
 A wig that flowed behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind .

He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus showed his ready wit :
 My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit .

But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face ;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case .

Said John, It is my wedding-day,
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware .

So, turning to his horse, he said,
 I am in haste to dine ;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine .

Ah ! luckless speech, and bootless boast !
 For which he paid full dear ;
 For while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear .

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And gallop'd off with all his might,
 As he had donè before .

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
 He lost them sooner than at first ;
 For why ?—They were too big .

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
 That drove them to the Bell :
 This shall be yours when you bring back
 My husband safe and well .

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain,
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
 By catching at his rein :

But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run .

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went post-boy at his heels,
 The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumbering of the wheels .

Six gentlemen upon the road
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With postboy scampering in the rear,
 They raised the hue-and-cry :

Stop thief ! Stop thief ! A highwayman !
 Not one of them was mute ;
 And all and each that pass'd that way
 Did join in the pursuit .

And now the turnpike-gates again
 Flew open in short space ;
 The tollmen thinking, as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race .

And so he did ; and won it too ;
 For he got first to town ;
 Nor stopped till where he had got up
 He did again get down .

Now let us sing, Long live the King !
 And Gilpin, long live he ;
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see !